

15462.13.9
S A T Y R

AGAINST

Atheistical Deism

With the Genuine Character of a

DEIST.

To which is Prefixt,

An account of Mr. AIKINHEAD's NOTIONS,

Who is now in Prison for the same Damnable APOSTACY.

By MUNGO CRAIG S. Ph. & Sac. Th.

287

Do you Admire, why with Satyrick Rhyme,
I Scourge the whiffing Scoundrels of the Time?
To be resolv'd, turn o'er the Page, and you
The Justice of my Quarrel will avow,
And must Adopt the same; if you be not
A silly Fop, or Epicurean Sor.

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamque reponam

Vexatus toties -----

Si Natura negat, facit indignatio versum

Qualémcunque potest. Quales ego-----

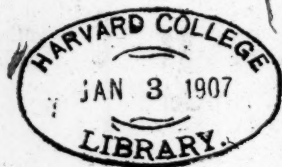
Juven. Sat. I.

EDINBURGH,

Printed for Robert Hutchison, and Sold at his Shop in the Head
of the Colledge-Wind. M. DC. XCVI.

1545

15462.13.9*



The gift of
Ernest Blaney Lane

A Catalogue of the Works promised to the World, by T. Aik. Gent. the meekest Don Quixot in Nature, but one of the principal Patrons and Promoters of the Witty, I would have said, Witless Sect.

I. **D** Eath Dead and Burried without hope of Resurrection; or, A discovery of the as incomparable, as impossible, *Aurum Potabile Aikinheadæum*, i. e. *Chimæricum*: Being a Sovereign Antidote, against all external and internal Causes of Death: And when applied by Art, can raise the Dead, and perfect the imperfect works of Nature: Yea, it can cure a Man, although he were cloven in twain, or, to give you the Authors own Phrase, *Tho' he were speldered like a dry Haddock.*

II. *Machina Dedalæa magna atque nova*; or, A new Engine of the same use in Air that Ships are in Water; whereby we may have easy Commerce with the other *Vortices*, and especially with the *World in the Moon.*

III. *The Indies in a Crucible*; or, An expeditious, infallible and cheap way of making the *Philosopher-Stone*, in four Hours time, and for 4 *sh.* expenses, being an excellent Proposal for maintaing the present War, without troubling the Leidges either for Pol-penny or Hearth-money.

IV. *Lux e tenebris*; or, A clear Refutation of all the Self-evident Principles of Reason, with the establishment of those of *Nonsense*, exactly Calculated to the Capacity of *Block-heads*, whereby they may be able to tols any Thing (*extempore*) *pro & con*, without the help of the *Lullian Art.*

V. *The Power and Extent of Imagination demonstrated*; or, The way of working *All Things* by *Exalted Fancy*; especially of bringing the Author to the Gallows, if not to the infernal Lake.

By what is here said, concerning Mr. *Aikinhead's* ridiculous Works, the Reader may easily judge how Frothy and Crackbrain'd a Fellow he is. But should we trouble you with a Recital of his damnable Extravagancies in *Divinity*, it wou'd prove no less ungrateful Task to our Pen, than nauseous to any *Pagan*, let be *Christian* Ear, being a compleat Aggregat of all the Blasphemies that ever were vented, maintained, or exco-
gitated, by the *Atheistical* Ministers of Satan in all Ages, with an Overplus of his own Coining: So, that without Envy, he may be denominated the *Non plus ultro* of *Atheism*.

Lest any think that this is only a Calumny cast either upon the Party or Person forenamed; the Book-binder promises, in name of the Author, to produce a considerable Number of Witnesses, who can give their Oath that they heard him boast of the above-mentioned ridiculous Notions.

A SATYR against DEISM.

GREAT GOD! what dire Enimity, do I
 'Mongst my divided Faculties espy.
 How, in the Palace of my Soul, each Power
 Another fiercely threatens to devour.

Which Horror and Confusion, in the end,
 Do civil War and bloody Jarrs pretend;
 Unless All-ruling *Providence* direct
 Another Event, than we do expect,
 Or Man from second Causes could detect.
 For while with resolute and factious Bands,
 My partial Judgement, selfishly gain-stands
 The venting of my Rage, against the Proud
 Ungodly Scumms, and Self-conceited Croud;
 (Not, that it doth not judge them worth the Strips
 Of *Juvenal* and *Horace*, or the whips
 Of bitter *Perseus*; but, that still it pleads
 Self-impotence for such Heroick Deeds:)

My lofty Will, enflam'd with zealous Fire,
 T' atchieve more Noble Projects hath desire;
 Despising private Infamy, the stain
 Of Clown or Poetaster doth disdain.
 When great *Jehovah's* thought-surpassing Love
 Toward His undeserving Creatures, move
 The Wheels of my Affections, swell'd to see
 This scoff'd at, with an impious *We-bee*,
 Of Hells abortive Brood; Or when the Right
 And Dignity of Humane Souls: the Light
 And Product of sound Reason do compete,
 With the small Credit of my humble state.

O Joys! I see the Cub-web Sophistry,
 That did misguide my Judging Faculty,
 Dispell'd, and her resolving to fulfil
 The Dictates of the better-guided Will.

Then let the Spring-tide of my Passions rise,
 T' its greatest height; and O! that I had thrice

As great a Force, as e're in Mortal yet,
 Our Nat'ral Constitution did permit.
 For why should I suspect the Breach of Bounds?
 When, tho they were compos'd of Rage of Hounds,
 Wolves, Bears, with Vipers Tongues & Adder-stings,
 The Quintessence of Choller, and all things
 That savour both of Madnes and of Rage,
 When on improper Objects they assuage
 Their extream Fury, then tho ne'er so large,
 Would be impotent found for such a Charge,
 As I'm oblig'd now to engage them in;
 To whip the maddest Heaven-daring Sin,
 That ev'r was hatched in Hell, or act'd upon
 This Univerfal Theatre; since the Throne
 Of Soul-destroying Sin began to show,
 Its Sacrilegious Tragedy below.

A Sin! which, tho' Natures ingrafted Light,
 And all Gods holy Councils, with Despight,
 It totally rejects; and doth deny
 An' other Notion of a *Diety*,
 Than what of meer Repugnancies is coin'd,
 A Sorry maimed Bug-bear, where disjoyn'd
 Are all th' essential *Attributes divine*,
 That in an independent God combine.

Yet marching from th' *infernal Lake* in State,
 And Equipage of Hell, Malice and Hate,
 Undaunted Impudence and strong Delusion.
 Satanick Rage, and Machins of Confusion:-
 To act the Divils utmost Spight, and try
 How this last powerful Scene of his Envy,
 Can the Foundations of Christs Kingdom shake,
 And spread the Jurisdiction of his Lake.
 Hath so possess'd some *Epicurean* Beasts,
 Strun'd with the Fumes of wine, luxurious feasts
 And hellish Magick, void of saving Grace,
 Pedantick Bruits, who neither time nor space
 On Truths investigation can bestow,
 Vain glorious Nothings with an empty show:

hat briskly reeling, where the roving Light
 of mislead Fancy, terminates their sight :
 delight themselves to catch at empty Wind,
 and Creatures of an ill-distracted Mind ;
 till utterly they, lacking Sense and Terror,
 are lost, in Satan's Labyrinth of Error.

And yet a Drunkard, or distemp'ed Man,
 Who, rising from his Couch of Rest, doth scan,
 by Night, a Precipice, led by the vain
 imaginations of his troubled Brain :

knows as much of the Danger he is in,
 as they do of their execrable Sin.

Yet these our Hero's be; profoundly wise,
 Who Things Divine and Humane so despise,
 blown up with airy Possibilities,

And Sceptick-doubting of all Destinies,
 Huffing at Reason, like the Cuckow cry,

Behold! God, Christ, Scripture and Piety,

Let's Eat and Drink, to Morrow must we dy.

Such be the scurvy Wittlings who deplore,
 That we a Wise and Loving GOD Adore,
 in Whom we Move, in Whom we Live & Be,
 Who, from Sins dreadful Slav'ry, set us free,

Such only, do reject all call'd Divine,
 And swear, no Sp'rits exists, but those of Wine.
 Dub'd Knights of *Nonsense*, yet in their conceits
Witts of the Age, who can Gigantick Feats
 Perform at Reasoning ; whereas they know
 As little as an Ass, what's truly so.

Those be the coarse-grain'd *Philosophs*, who stuff
 Their Heads with Contradictions & pure Buff,
Chimera's coin'd in Hell and horrid Pop'ry,
 Surpassing Transubstantiating Pop'ry.

Such are as wild in sound *Philosophy*;

And *Law*, as in profound *Theology*.

Such are the blazing Comets that attract
 The Amazement of the Novel-catching Pack.

Whose

Whose sluttish Minds, drown'd in the Lethargy
 Of Ignorance, black Singularity
 So eagerly affect, that rather they
 Will damn their Souls, than walk the *Vulgar way*
 And since they can't, to eternize their Name;
 Erect a lasting Monument of Fame,
 They'll chuse by far the shorter course to take,
 And headily themselves resolve to make
Famous for Infamy, by running down
 What they don't understand, just as a Clown
 wou'd mock, to hear us prove, that *Phœbus* bright
 Descended to our *Antipodes* all Night;
 And did surmount in Magnitude so far,
 This vast and spacious Glob whereon we are.
 Who wou'd believe, with *Mahomet*, that he,
 All Night, were rather drowned in the Sea.
 Or, with *Old Epicure*, wou'd sing a Sonnet,
 That he were little bigger than his Bonnet.
 A Course! of such successful operation.
 That all the *Block-head Swineherds* of the Nation,
 Might, in a point of Time, brisk Wits commence
 And singlarize themselves for men of Sense.
 Yet such are they, who Scoffingly deride
 Those sacred Mistries, which we ought to dread
 Such *Giants*, with Loud-laughters empty Phrase
 Our Rationall and Holy Faith debase:
 And yet when they opugn't, can nought profer;
 But what one less than a Philosopher
 Without the straining of his *Wit* cou'd solve,
 And to its *Native-nothing* make't dissolve.
 Since that, upon its Front th' infamous Brand
 Of Falsity self-evident doth stand
 And since the Fundamentals of their Light
 Dissents from Reason, as the day from night.
 And more, when they defend the *monst'rous Bees*
 Of their half-codled Brains and hellish Lyes,
 The

The very Light of Nature they'll deny;
And with a brazen Countenance will cry,

*I know't 'tis Nonsense if it but deffent
From this my demonstrable Sentiment:*

As if their Crazy Noddles only were
Th' Unerring Rule, of all we should averr:

But sirs, wou'd it not be a pretty sport,
To see Baboons, Aps and th' inferiour sort
Of Animals, with Mock'ry to dispise
Scholastick Demonstrations of the wise;
And Scoff at deep-drawn policy of Sate,
Because 'tis far above their humble fate,
To judge of Matters of so high a rate.

What shall we say then, of those cursed currs:
who still resolve, with diabolick Slurrs.

God's mighty power and wisdom to reject
And providential Ruling to neglect;

Because their purblind Souls the Mystery
Cann't Sound of Divine Christianity.

Hence of us Men if diff'rent Species were,
On Corrolary sure I could inferr:

That like us only in our outward shape
To be Created was their harder hap,

Devoid of that reflexive power so bright,
Which from the Soul dispells the cloudy Night

Of Ignorance, and high conceited Wit,
Which is a sure Concomitant of it.

And show's us, from each object that we see,
That so profess *Socratick* Modestie,

Is to be wise; while of our flut'ring Souls
The high flown-aims, gross muddy Earth controuls.

But, could Job's Patience suffer one to hear,
(Without atrembling, Terrou, Wrath & Fear,)

Those Sycophants, sprung from th' accursed line
Of Judas, with the Divil now combine,

Under the Name of *Deist*; to essay
If they God, Good, and Reason can betray.

A *Deist* ! oh ! how far's this from the thing,
 That their Assertions in my Fancy bring,
 A greater distance is not surely found
 By Thought, in that Vacuity profound ;
 Wherein their Atoms merrily did Dance,
When they were Modified thus by Chance.
 For Men t' acknowledge that there is a GOD,
 And not a *Providence* ! O thing most odd !
 And if a *Providence*, then not to be
 A *Christian*, is an odder thing to me.
 Methinks a Stoick Moralift, who knew
 The Reasons why I whip so mad a Crew ;
 Might be convinc'd, how hard it is to fight,
 'Gainst what inheres in us, by Natures Right :
 And learn from hence, that none of innat dower,
 Lacks its own proper Use, had we the power
 To Use't aright, unless that we (like Stocks
 Or Stones) were Metamorphosiz'd to Rocks.
 When all th' Intelligences that do dwell,
 I' th' upper Regions, or yet out of Hell,
 Except a *Deist*, in their proper way,
 Banners of sullen Frowning still display,
 To see the Race of Mankind so decay.

Ungrateful Monsters, Slaves of Hell and Sin !
 O ! that each Curse and Plague pronounc'd within
 That *Sacred Volumn*, which with Scoffing ye
 Reject, may on you verified be.
 On you more Wo's, ten Thousand times, denounc'd
 From Heav'n let be, than *Ovid* hath pronounc'd
 Against his *Ibis*, and O that the God,
 Whose 'stablish'd Councils ye Revile, the Rod
 Of His intollerable Wrath may put
 In execution, and in peices cut,
 Your good-contemning Carcasses, before
 In *Tophet* ye be scorch'd for evermore,
 Let ev'ry thing in Heav'n Earth and Hell
 Concur, this Pestilence of Sin to quell ;

And make th' infected, Monuments of Wrath;
 For Confirmation of our Christian Faith :
 Except, whom God's unsearchable Decree,
 Culls out for Objects of His Clemencie.
 But oh ! tho we by Charity are bound,
 This venerable Abyss not to sound,
 Wherein the prying *Seraphims* are drown'd.
 Yet in the Sacred Pages nought I find,
 But Ruine for a Christ-denying Mind.
 O *Times!* O *Manners!* may I justly cry,
 Will *Scotland* nourish such *Apostacy*?
 A *Covenanted People!* and ev'n while
 Such Glorious Sun-shine over-spreads the Isle!
 Shall this then be th' effect of Gospel Light?
 To petrify our Hearts and dim our Sight
 In Things of God? if it be so, no less
 Than Famine, Sword, and Pestilent Distress
 I Prophecy : Neither by taking part
 With *Delphos*, *Magick*, or *Star-gazing Art* :
 But from a reasonable Scrutiny
 Into th' eternal Rolls of Verity.
 Which do more Plagues 'gainst such a Case protest
 Than ever *Ægypt's* Borders did infest;
 Or yet on *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* fell,
 With all the Punishments reserv'd for Hell.
 Come! let a Rational and Holy Flame,
 Of Zeal to Christ and God's most glorious Name;
 Our Nations Honour, and our Christian Right,
 Inspire God's Deputes with Cœlestial Light,
 Who sit at Justice : That they may atone
 with Blood, th' affronts of heav'ns offended throne:
 And turn away that Deluge of God's Ire,
 Which threatens us worse than devouring Fire.
 Oyes! all Sons of *Adam* shun the way,
 And Commerce of the Witlings o'the Day;
 As if he Furies of the Dungeon deep,
 The noisome Entry thereunto did keep :

Would.

Wou'd I intrust that Monster with a Straw,
 To whom Self-intrest is so much a Law,
 That all to this subordinate must be.
 Drown'd so in stupid Sensualitie,
 That only this he studies as his End,
 From worldly Cares his Carcase to defend :
 All ye on whom right Reason to its Throne
 Advanc'd by Divine Oracles hath shown,
 By Grace illuminated to that pitch,
 That perverse Prejudice cannot bewitch.
 Lo! here's a Trial of your zealous Love,
 And Touch-stone to your Faith sent from Above.
 Endure with Courage then, your Royal Yoak :
 For ye are surely builded on a Rock.

In fine; Remember ye, who 'gainst the High,
 And Holy One, Who bless'd Eternity
 Inhabites, vomit out proud Blasphemy
 Those, whom He hath exempli'd before,
 And that e're long, ye'll Tremble and Adore,
 Among your Brother *Witts*: who ne'er cou'd be
 Perswaded that there was a Diery,
 Who punish'd Sin: Till wholly stun'd with Evil
 They got as much Religion as the Devil.

F I N I S.

THE GENUINE CHARACTER OF A DEIST.

A *Deist Reduplicatively Considered*, falling neither under the Laws of Description, nor legitimate Definition, may be called a meer. *I wot not what.* Nor can we have a notion of him any other way, than the Vulgar has of *Nothing*, when they define it, *A Bodiless Shirt wanting the Sleeves, viz.* By Amputation of all Realities, Yet I'm of Opinion, that he is more apolitly termed, *An accidental aggregat of Contradictions actually existent*, which is the greatest Paradox, that ever was offered to a Philosopher. Or an *Eis rationis objectively taken, not only having an Ideal, but a real existence*: Which is a Degree beyond any Sophister, that ever pretended to that *Chimæra*. And hence we have light in the very Fundamentals of his *Non-sense*; first why he is so virulent in propugning his beloved *Fortuitous concurrence*: And why *impossibile est idem simulesse et non esse, eodem respectu*: with other Principles of the like Quality, has so little weight with him: Seing he can produce himself, as an undeniable conviction of their Fallacies. He may be fitly called an incomparable Hero of Wit, and is truly as impregnable by Reason, as the *Bass* by blank Powder; having not left so much as *Archimedes* his *Punctum* for you to build upon. And that day, in which you prove any thing against him, at least convince him that you have done so; *I'll prove the Moon to be made of Green Cheese*; especially so long as he keeps his *Achillesian distinction; Secundum vestrum, cognoscendi modum Co. Secundum meam nego*. He pretends to be a great Friend to Reason, which nevertheless he's as much acquainted with, as an Ass with *Mathematicks*; and truly ere you and he agree, you must divest your self of that Armour; for he's a Sceptick of the first Magnitude, and the chiefest of that size too; for discourage him upon never so clear and evident Truths, you must of necessity run in *Infinitem* to prove 'em; since he acknowledges no Principles, further than they serve his turn. And I dare swear he'd put a crack-brain'd Philosopher out of his Wits, either to prove or defend, that it were himself. He's *General Generalissimo of Sophisters*; for so long as he keeps within the Burrows of his Warren, which are contrived more Artificially for his purpose, than *Dædalus* his *Labyrinth*, you'll never catch him: And if you follow him in, I'll promise you a Foil before you come out again, seing he has deprived you of the Cord of Reason to lead

lead your way back. For he applys the objects of Sense to be judg'd by the Intellect, & *vice versa*; and that so dextrously, that in all the Justice of he World he might be dub'd Knight-errant of *Jugling* or *Leiger-demain*; and for this end, he has prepared an Helmet of Adamant; and a compleat Coat of Armour consisting of loud Laughter, huffing and nauseating disdain for a Shield. with this motto, *Nego totum etiam antequam audiverim*: His Lance is made of Reviling, Calumniating, Cursing and Lying: his Sword is much of affinity to the same Mettal, being fram'd of Sophistical quibbles, having as little connexion among themselves, as dependence upon the self-evident principles of Reason. And how can any conceive it to be otherwise when it was forged by the Father of Lyes, upon the Anvil of Falshie And whereas a Christian has no back-peice to be a Defence in his flight, he hath this to brag of above him, that he has one, which is a Sluggish Carelessness whatever come of his Opinion, providing that his Body be well. You'd think that he were a Monkish *Hermite* at his Devotion, if you saw how seriously he looks, when he deplores the World's Stupidity in paying a *Reasonable Service* to God their Creator, Preserver and Redeemer. He bears the same Love to Church-Men, that Cats does to Mustard: for he Wrayes his Face bitterly when he sees or hears 'em; & it's no wonder, if we consider that ther's as much Enmity betwixt them, as between a *Basilisk* and a Man. He's so great a lover of Monarchy, that to have a pretence to the Title, he's content to attribute the same to all Mankind; and to have it *Absolute*, he calls all civil power such, whether it be Aristocracy, Democracy, or Monarchy. And to attain his End (as he thinks) the more honourably, he rejects the Notions of Good and Evil, but in so far as they contribute to, or opugn his Designs: As likewise those of Justice, and Injustice. Before mutual Paction, which he resolves never to make sure, as long as he can keep his darling of *Mental Reservation*, and that he may turn his Coat with the times under the pretence of Reason, he has learned this among the rest from his Apostle *Hobb's*, to keep stive with the Strongest. and will cite that of the Poet, *Tempora mutantur & nos mutamur in illis*; for a sufficient Authority. He is so biggor on Singularity and Fame that to acquire both, he feeds on Nonsense, as Toads does on Filth & Venom. And because he cannot be singular for Rationality, which is the common Attribute of human Nature; he degrades himself to a Beast, and turns Irrational. He disdains I Confess to swear in any one Philosopher's words.

words, but under the Notion of philosophick Libertie, and free use of Reason, has stored the Magazine of his Brain, with all the ridiculous Fopprie, that either fell by Inadvertancy, Contention, Malice or Ignorance, from the pens of Ancient and Modern Philosophers. Wherefore, he's highly enamoured, with *Aristotel's Eternity of the world*, *paucis mutatis*, with *Epicure's Denial of Providence*, and fortuitous production of the Universe, with his denial of the Souls Immortality; and especially with his Assertion that temporal Pleasure is the *Summum bonum*, or last-end of Mankind, and enveighs against *Gassendus*, for spending so much pains in vindicating the *Old Dottard* from this Brand of Infamy, which he accounts his chiefest Glory. Nor is he less taken with *Des Cartes* his Dubitation, adoring it as a chief Pillar of his Scepticism and his Vortices, with the assertion, *that Mater and motion being granted, all could fall out as they are, without the concurrence of an intelligent Over-ruling Power*. This differing nothing from *Epicure*, but that the Particles lack a *Vortex* to hoble and dance in. He likewise animadverts an admirable Congruence, betwixt this Author's *Clock-works animals*, and *Epicurus* his deniall of the Souls Immortality; For (says he) *Men and Beasts vary only in the more and the less*. He no less favours this Authors rejecting of the Consideration of Final Causes in *Physicks*, interpreting it to be an implicate denial of Providence. But least I weary you with his Nonsense, it shall suffice to indicat what for a Philosopher he is, to declar what cursed Author's are his dearest darlings; which are, first the excellent Head-pice of *Mahmsbury* the incomparable (for Nonsense to Wit,) *Theologue and Philosoph Spinoza*, with *Lucretius Redivivus*, I mean *Blunt's Oracles of Nonsense*. He's so great an Affecter of Novelties (& that so much the more in how much they contradict Sense & Reason) that he looks upon the Author's of them, as second *Solomons*, or third *Cato's* fall'n from Heav'n And although, he reject all Histories that are above Fourty Years old, for meer *Romances*, yet, he is as didactical, in in the Embrios of his Fancy, which he thinks may serve his turn any way, as if you had seen it with your Eyes; tho' he feign it to have been done Fourty Thousand Years since. And hence it is, that he will rather believe, that there are *Rosy-crusian Chimists* wand'ring about the World in aereal *Vehicles*, than that there ever was such a Man as *Moses* or *Iulius Caesar*; for which cause he has a very ill gust of Mr *Lock's Moral way of Demonstration*, however well he may please other parts of his works

But to extricate our selves from this sinking Tale, he's a transcendental Evil (which is another Paradox, or rather, Rhetorical Hyperboly, tho' not so far strain'd as *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice*) or if you will, he is a Constellation fix'd in direct opposition to all Good, composed of Malice, Hatred and Self-conceit, which two first, are as inseparable from the last, as Heat from Fire; and is truly the greatest plague that can be inflicted on a human Society, tho' he accounts himself the *primum mobile* of it. He surpasses the most malevolent of all the Devils, in every thing except knowledge; and happy is't for the World that 'tis so ordred, for had he knowledge preportionate to his Diabolical Qualities, he would degrade Lucifer, and lead the Van of Hell himself; for fear of whose Tyranny the Furies themselves would tremble. If you speak seriously to him he'll swear you're an *Enthusiast*, and 'tis as great folly to discourse him that way, as to read Moral Dissertations to an Ass. He's a meer Ape mounted on the pegasian Wings of a rampant Imagination, delighting himself to rove in an imaginary *Vacuity*, where he eagerly pursues the Quarry which his ill-codled Brains exhibits to him; ignorant that he shall incontinently tumble into the infinite Abyss of a bottomless Pit. Or, he's a Galleass of the first Rate, of the kingdom of Darknes, toss'd by the wind of Pride in an Ocean of Folly, were the Devil personally drives at the Helm. Finally, he's the Excrements of the Creation, the ultimat Butt of God's Wrath, the Subject of Satan's laughter, and Object of Mans Derision; *Where we leave him.*

Having put a Period to our Conception of a *Deist*, we shall in the last place present the Reader with that Unerring Character which the Spirit of God describes them by, in the Oracles of Truth. Which may serve, if not for the Conviction of their seared Consciences, yet both for the establishing of wavering or weak Christians, and for corroborating or encouraging the stronger: And may be unto us as a Mirror, in which we may evidently contemplat the Immensity of God's Love and Providence, in giving us a Watch-word against so strong Delusion; which (as our Saviour Himself affirms) wou'd deceive the Elect, if it were possible.

Of these accursed Apostats who separat themselves from us by the Name of *Deists*, Saint Paul speaks in 2 Tim. 3. 2. thus, *For Men shall be Lovers of their own selves, Covetous, Boasters, Proud, Blasphemers, Disobedient to Parents, Unthankful, Unholy, Vers. 3. Without*

*natural Affection, Truce-breakers, false Accusers, Incontinent, Fierce, Despisers of those that are Good, Vers. 4. Traitors, Heady, High-minded, Lovers of Pleasures more than Lovers of God. Vers. 8. Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the Truth: Men of corrupt Minds, reprobate concerning the Faith. Vers. 9. But they shall proceed no further: for their Folly shall be manifest to all Men, as theirs also was. And Jude excellently describes them in this manner, Vers. 4. ---Who were of old before ordained to this Condemnation, ungodly Men, turning the Grace of God into Lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Vers. 8. Likewise also these filthy Dreamers despise the Flesh, despise Dominion, speak Evil of Dignities. Vers. 10. But these speak Evil of those things which they know not: but what they know naturally as brut Beasts, in these things they corrupt themselves. Vers. 11. Wo be unto them, for they have gone the way of Cain, &c. Vers. 12. Those are spots in your Feasts of Charity, when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear: Clouds they are without water, carried about with winds; Trees whose Fruits withereth, without Fruit twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging Waves of the Sea foaming out their own shame, wandering Stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. 16. These are Murmurers, Complainers, walking after their own Lusts, and their Mouths speaking great swelling words, &c. Vers. 19. These be they that separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit. To the same purpose speaks Peter in the whole 2 Chapter of his Epistle, with many other places of sacred Write. We shall conclude with that in 2 Pet. 3. 17, 18. *Te therefore, Beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also being led away with the Error of the Wicked, fall from your own steadfastness. But grow in Grace, and in the Knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; to Him be Glory both now and ever. Amen.**

